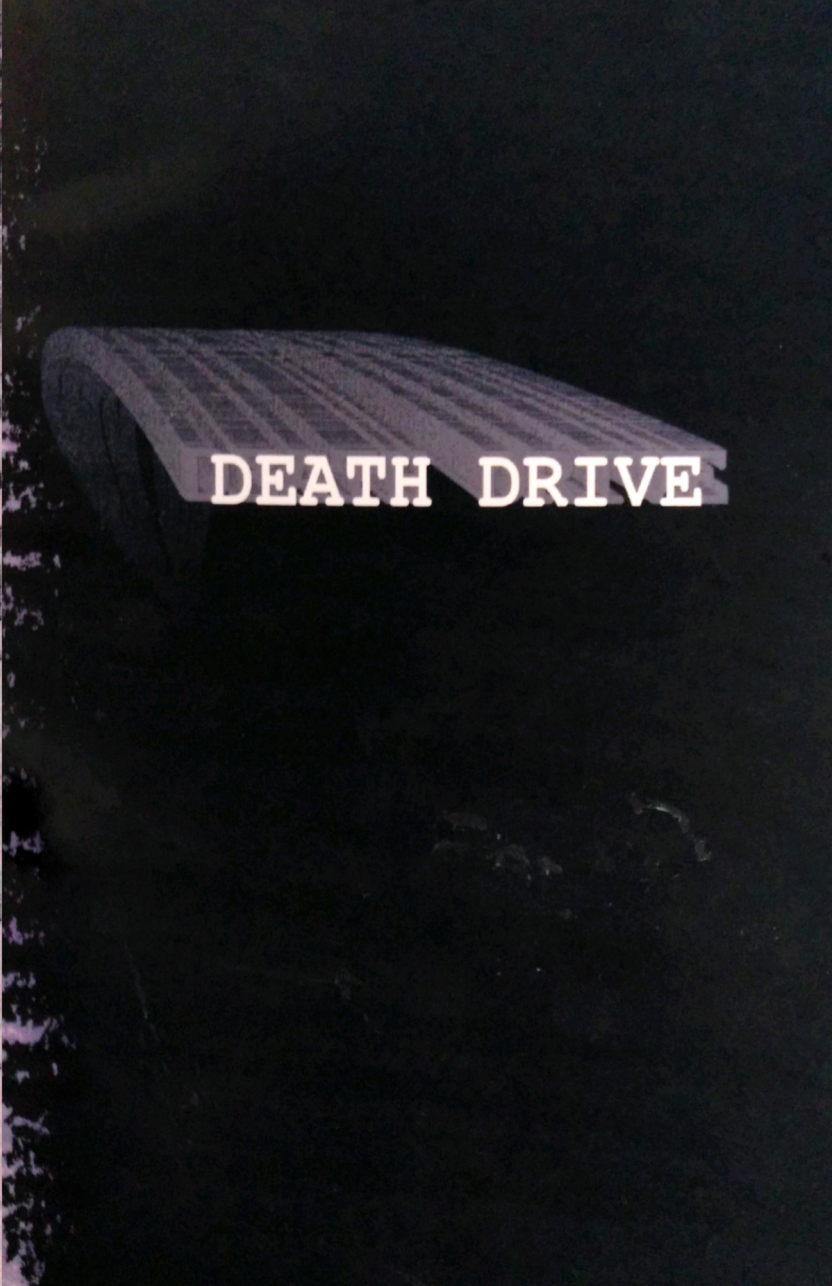
DEATH DRIVE

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((*death drive*

("the prophetess ULTRA-VIOLATE speaks:
our great-mother is dead. from her corpse the
life-fluids ov the techno-industrial machine flow. the
machine is inescapable, it is the very ground we stand
on, it is the flesh of our bodies. but we may yet turn the
ubiquitous machine-flesh against itself for spite. never
stop screaming."

(an uneven line of posters carries this sacred scream
along the wall. wire-whip aerial cyborg gathers the rest
(in scalpel-blade fingers) and moves on to the next
place. the words are block-stamped, improvised, the
solidness of assured decay. words that emerged from a
restrained sea, below tension::pressure of claws digging
into each other.)

the ministry of ULTRA-VIOLATE grows from the
paradoxical life of the machine-corpses and like a rooted
camellia binds the soil together only so that it can all
scatter further when it dies. iphigenia's children, blessed
of the tearing wind, are coming to unmake that which
holds you still-yourself.)

(watching the sunset, something's-wrong. you
think when a terrible chaos came (to stay) it took you
away to another world that looks just the same. (but
here order is caustic::(cause)tic death and dysregulation
is sacred dancing (there is a point of semantics here -
chaos is not the opposite of order. the opposite of order
is disorder. chaos lies inbetween the two, and is where all
the interesting things happen). there is a singing
everything-is-wrong that cannot be pinned down (if you
could name it naming-is-killing make it alright
(paradoxically)), (or maybe your fragmented
linguistic-thoughts just can't form the latent trap))

the new world shines all through tainted firmament with sickly glory. all your perception is beauty, and all its correspondence::signified the rot is halted by being 'washed with vicious lye (dulce a priori est cast in raining bronze).

(negative space shadows grow) the worst part of looks-just-the-same is that it includes noospheric rotation - people didn't think that the old world told a lye, so they don't think that here either even though it's true. was there anyone back home who did think that (wrongly) who you could find?))

(*object*

(you and your flatmate chris::chrysalis are watching a film together (some pretentious bullshit you forgot the name of but it has window breaking expanding-edge property). harmonic sunlight bisects the space top-diagonally, allowing an overflowing table to shelter under it. (the moment engenders oceanic perception - electromechanical clockwork clicking away beneath you) - chrys is projected into a hate-canvas angularly narrow against the turning amoral but beautiful machine, the comparative irrelevance of vision makes brief contact around the edges of the eye possible. the air moves like a dripping-sap-flower, sweet in its carved-line likeness of the other world not forgotten. the unfulfilled promise of 'purpose echoes in your vision, ⇌-impossible but (it) could be said to be beautiful. it's good enough for temporary suspension of disbelief.

chrys works in the news, so he communicates in a strictly-formalised finitely-enumerable dance of only so many elements. it's a very steep compression gradient, where expected low inherent-entropy messages are very quick but unexpected high inherent-entropy messages almost impossible. he says the steps of the dance with athletic stenography but takes a long time to say what he means. very different to you, whose words cling to you like baby birds afraid to try flying over the bottomless pit between people ("but mother, the terrible wind! and what you call the other side is just a bank of cloud, with nowhere to rest our wings!"). but you can communicate along the penumbra's edge, and it's useful to know someone who can talk block-by-block.)

('(the caustic::(cause)tic stinging narrows your eyes. pattern-trap closing in. pace out the limits of the room again.

(you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something please please
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something please)
no action is possible. no-action is impossible. the empty::blessing will pass, but you can't accept that until it does. you have to do ,something.)

it's been a scoured-empty day by the caustic sea. your head will burst like a rotten fruit with the pressure-of-the-unspeakable. you have to get outside, find some empty (material)-thing to speak t(hr)o(ugh).

(HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE
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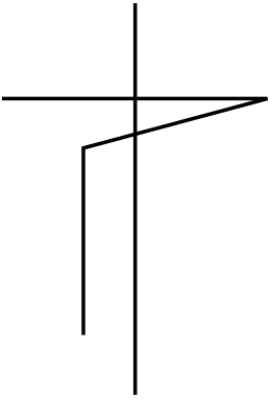

love-beyond-love redeem in the penumbra::∅

the penumbra is always there on the edge of perception ∅ living is burning or else you're just a pile of machines made of dead flesh to drive around the circuit (breaker).

the light of the ,true-thing fire at the heart of perceptual-creation shines through a disk of (material) dust. any perspective from which the light can be seen constitutes a person.

scream for the ⇌-mistake
(pray ?) for the fire ?

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("could you not write there please?"
"you can find a piece of cardboard or something"
"hello, do you understand what I'm saying?"
"I'm part of the committee here, we have to pay someone to paint over that"
"right, what I'll do is, I'll call the police and I'll tell them I have a picture of someone writing on the wall here")

("i think we speak very different languages")

("we absolutely do! just go find somewhere else")

the scream the scream is sacred what does he hear? (alkaline blood and abjectification, the voice that shakes the flesh with relief, the throat which is choked can relax.)

(the scream the scream is the
birth-death-silence::substrate teleological coextension::emanation of the ,true-thing. the scream is the ∅-closest thing to redemption of suffering. the scream is the ∅-dream of ecstatic-annihilation (this side

please of the infinitesimally thin penumbra).
high-pitched yellow light flanges through your head,
the colour of sadomachinery.

artificial sun in the night dripping lye caught in
copper-wire cobwebs because the world won't let you
forget beauty even as it burns and scream-against. you
can't go home yet, the air bites you too much. keep
walking, keep screaming. write your name on the
advertising screens in plastic-warping chemicals. tell
the bus stop shelter all about the fire-of-perception
,articulate the penumbra metonymy (for the
pressure-of-the-unspeakable). cyborg eyes can
countertemporally engrave the shaking of your hand
that's the carrier wave for the scream (you hope)))

(chrys is out where the city flows through itself.
there is a subtle motion, someone moving behind the veil
that hangs in the street of the back of his eye. there, the
person whose movement disturbed the silk, haloed with
inexplicable salience. embodied without choice, the
sleeve of her coat slips momentarily over bunched steel
wire and LCD. she slips down the steps and chrys
watches casually from the side of the bridge, not wanting
to cut-by-the-eye. at the bottom in a solidly asserted
space hidden from sight on its own level she readjusts
her hood over information-pumping cables. although she
seems to be trying to hide, she smiles up at chrys like
(being understood)
(spotting a weakness)
(knowing a secret)
before she passes under the bridge.)

(around a few turns downwards, half-covered
and stuck between buildings (an old graveyard. the
broken half-buried stones are a typology in miniature of
the buildings around, shaded by thick holly and small
sharp dark-blue flowers. most plants in this city are

killed by the caustic water, but the ongoing song-of-rot here can't be withered down. you step carefully between the unmapped stones ducking under plants. the stones are rotting too, scored with opaque and illegible symbolism (names returned to the refluxed earth quicker than their referents))

when the lives-under-your-skin has its claws out and you have to get open-air to measure your breath, you can come here hidden from the spiritual-wind that scrapes against you. the resting state of substance is life. you can't stay dead six months before most of you is spreading out from the grave as life (and in the sky, the ruling force is rushing-together to release the light that tears at everything from the inside))

((“oh, hey there.”
“yeah, all good. i think i've got something good here.”
“i'm working on it right now. have you seen these posters? ‘prophetess ULTRA-VIOLATE’ and shit?”
“well, you will soon. everyone wants to know what's up with them.”
“yeah, that's what i'm working on. i'll have something for you tomorrow. day after.”
“course it is, course it is - on monday then.”)

chris::chrysalis smells chrome long headlight snake. he follows the cyborg through the market closed for the day where she finds a bag of clothes thrown out by the shops (the city provides, if you wash off the sludge). he likes to follow people, it's the best part of the job. skyscraper-window intimacy combined with comfortable obviation of self. reaching out to become someone else echoes ecstatic-annihilation. he::she wanders with kinematic joy in potential-freefall through a strange seen-landscape (a new map that makes clear the arbitrary division of the old one).

at the lights she turns right around and looks into his eyes. hiss screech metal vane hackles jaw unhinged mouth-tubing (transfixed). rejoice with trembling, that which cannot be understood we can live through shape and form. with a crush-together-scream, visions: his own body becoming machine. plastic tubes pushing through meat that vibrate against touch with the tension of internal pressure. warm sliding metal locking together with buzzing freedom of the wire. the curse self-preservation forces prosaic-time on him and he runs away, too-much (lie that it is). but the image remains, as salient but valence-twisting in the echo of mythic-time.)

(the size of the city pushes into your mind stretches your perception to encompass it. proprioceptor expansion concrete-oceanic oneness warms your body with the binding-heat of many parts. you lie face down in the street under the comforting weight of it, let the physically::salient awareness slowly press into your head and open up your spine (which presses into its socket in your skull like one of hundreds of thousands of thick steel structural bars under the internal compressive stress of the whole body around - that somatic sympathetic tension shines at its field-climactic points). you roll against the solid street sparks rushing through your head (across your skin) from the place of its total immovable mass (your mind will ,burst with the weight of it).

you knock your head repeatedly against the sharp corner of a building that seems to reach down from above to take hold of and penetrate the ground. more solid than any part of you, it could cut you in two like a blunt knife without noticing if it only chose to move. you press up against it, try to surround it, begging for that superlative force to shake. you whisper into the rivet-fixed metal sheets agent of self-negating body-joy, the mass of the rest of the city supports you from behind, you couldn't move away if you tried. you can feel the towers pressing

comfortingly on your mind all around, fixed absolutely solid but screaming piercing sunlight in the wind.

a broken open lamppost is a sliver of intimate exposure of wire that pulls like blood through the great-body you're lying against. you wrap your hand around the cable and slowly pull back the electrical tape covering the end. the two bright copper tips are haloed by the touch of recreating-destruction. you lay back skin-to-heavy-concrete, with the half-lamppost sepal between your legs, and jam the cable against your stomach arc magnesium-flash in the brain rolls you up and down to graze your head on the ground. again. the light beyond like a tear in the meat. again. so little of the invisible tension that moves your lover is a totalising singularity to your small body, to rip apart entirely with an ecstatic shout.

you allow your exhausted mind to slide off the contours of the city and are cradled in the direct-sensory environment of a single tall street. your stomach is marked with dragon-curve bruises and your arms with blushing abrasions. the city funnels a cool wind to run over you. it takes a long time to drag yourself home (warm and enclosed inside another large building) and wrap yourself up with the edges of your self-perception suitably loosened. you think it might be nice to be an underground train and spend all day pushing through warm secret holes in the city.)

(the daytime-moon is low between the skyscrapers, but rising. you bring your radio to the window and turn the aerial transverse to it. a sacred mystery, the far outside that turns out to have been deep foundation all along. the radio speaks in the voices of people so different as to be just like you.

("you're listening to radio-moon, and we've got

something special for you today!"

"that's right, from beyond the edge of the map, we're bringing you the sound of sacred rot! there's secrets in this one folks, so listen close!"

"well, let's not keep them waiting - take it away!")

electro-tympana roll water-deep with distance and folding-geometric in pattern. the sound beats on spiral-recurring like a speech on a topic you don't understand but whose importance is obvious. its strangeness dances around the edge of your sight to stab you in the back unprotected, a base somatic payload carried by a secret-keeping messenger from the sky. the meat-knowing drive to tears whose approach is covered by an occultation of the eye at the centre of your heart, it shows by its touch a way to break down the door that is you. you don't fully understand, but that's okay because the secret is that it's not really a secret (not words to be whispered) but a twist in the meat of your brain. radio-moon shakes the world-beyond-sight, and across the city those with ears to hear look up into their own flesh-eyes far away.)

(dreams-that-reveal: while you're sleeping
fluid-awareness
((you catch-youself-off-guard and suddenly the world seems dark (not darker, you just realise how much brighter it could be) and slowly-shifting-warped::in-a-glass-darkly under great pressure and moving is difficult)::as though the air were water. how had you not noticed it was like this until now? you rush outside, struggling against the current. the sun above is as weak and inconstant as always, because it's shining through deep water. there is a buoyancy in your body that you'd never noticed but now can hardly resist.

you swim to the surface and breaking out into the air is like waking up. you swim to the shore easily, an empty beach scattered with large stones. you lie on a smooth rock on the shore under the full light of the sun for the first time and look down into the water below which the whole world is in an oceanic dream. there is a terrible burning that has always been, but it begins to fade as you cough up the water::dream-of-air.

on the shore is a huge-tangled-pipes factory-machine all out of place this close to the light of the ,true-thing. you wander around it. the pipes are many times wider than you are tall, pushing deep into the earth and rusted by the dream-of-air that splashes against them. they remind you of somewhere you've never been. with embodied-effort you climb up on one that runs along the ground towards the water to lay on the warm rusted metal and watch the light in the sky.

(the longer you gaze at the ,sun the more your eyes etch layers of possible-patterns into it, inscribed polygons that turn and fold and twisting manifolds ringed around like angels in the fading brightness across the sky away from the ,sun itself)

(but slowly you become aware of a caustic bite on the air. you walk along the top of the pipe towards the water's edge and begin to hear the rushing sound. the end of the pipe runs some way out over the water. you look over the end and see poisonous alkaline runoff being piped out into the sunken dream. the water swirls around it, making fixed and predictable bismuth-spiral vortices. this poisonous waste causality has been leaking pervasively into the world since the beginning of prosaic-time.)))

(chrys comes home moonbrushed and tired. he has a request.

(“are you doing anything tomorrow evening?”

“no plans, why?”

“you know this ULTRA-VIOLATE thing? apparently she’s planning to show up at this club in c—— tomorrow, but i can’t make it. would you be able to go and tell me about it for work?”)

a constrained time horizon leads to an oscillating sense of stasis (a fixed week is enough to cover over any ,hope) so you have-to::make-yourself::want-to go. your agreement is aspirational towards being another person.

(occasionally, when things have changed (even if it’s just the scheduled change of the stars), you can find that the needle’s urgency relaxes for a while and you can project yourself outward into identity with your vision and the true light. that afternoon chrys’ incense stick burns in front of the window, and the lateral smoke moves the opposite direction against the smoke from thick stacks visible outside. a circling stain could be a bird from the tower or an insect chemically confused. likewise on the tip of the incense a halo descends to frame it in orange-gold many-layered sunlight by coincidence of tinted windows (it’s a day when the light in your eyes doesn’t just make it hard to see))

evening, and the stars say never-again. you wear your spiritual armour (’signs-and-symbols glued stitched and hanging from it, tools of the enemy may as well be repurposed when suffering cannot be redeemed) and head out aiming for distant reexistence. c—— reflects if-ever-so-pale the true ,light on the back of your eye. the club is too brief a walk with the electric sound of the moon in the air.

(screeching at every pitch the flesh-twisted by the great-machine scream and scream and scream and scream and ,scream that grows from the horrible truth but has no aim, only pain-must-be-seen. disordered movement of many together: chaos. the lights swing through the colours of fire and the caustic lye. the music screams with you and the blessing is upon you:

(“nice jacket!”

“thanks! i made it!”

“awesome!”

“i’m anna!”

“sorry?”

“anna! anna the poet!”

“v—!”

“nice!”

“wanna dance?”)

flashing rows of liquid stars proliferate in the comfort of new-cut motion. the wall is cold like a welcome knife in the hot-breath of topological confusion. pressed together in creative-constraint to dance in the meat-world.

(a comrade is someone you don’t necessarily have to like, just trust not to sell you out to the cops) - across the crowd you see sludge oozing over metal, skin nailed onto plastic. another scream, from the amp cable plugged right into her cunt - ULTRA-VIOLATE is here to preach ,apocalypse-of-the-flesh over and through

loving-violence and the music of ecstatic annihilation. you push across to get a look for chrys. she's small, metal and skin and bleeding where they're pinned together. thickly-clustered telescopic vanes cover her scalp, aerials for undeniable awareness. she cuts words into the grinding noise, eyes closed, cyborg companions there to make the material.

(the things ULTRA-VIOLATE says are true,
the only ,true thing in the new world:
nothing-is-inviolate a ,truth that's your only dancing cynosure in a sky otherwise caustically rigid burns fixed patterns into the eyes. it is not for you. her cyborgs were made (surgical-torture to make living flesh dead metal, then a miracle to perceive life into the metal) as children. it's too late for you, even if it were possible to go under the knife now
ˈself-preservation (trapped in an alkaline preserving jar, thick glass walls make it hard to see what it's really like) prevents you. the only people who make sense you-can-never-be-one-of-them because you can't know what it's like.

(she says you-don't-want-to-know nobody should be here i'm just making the best of a bad deal (medicine can hurt you if you aren't sick) you-can't-let-this-go) - that's imaginary of course, you can't actually talk to her about it because that would hurt her (and you're scared she wouldn't share the dancing star with you any more). but you-can't-let-this-go)

(they say those who know nothing-is-inviolate
from experience look down on those who only saw it in the stars. loneliness doesn't cut like a real-fucking-knife does and you can't tell your books i'm sorry i'm sorry i've not been hurt enough to deserve comfort))

dance for::grow-from the sharpened bolt she ran into your muscles it drives you because it can't be removed. anna understands only because she doesn't know you don't deserve to hear the truth and you can't bring yourself to tell her even though you know she wouldn't mind ⇌has such good reason to leave-you-behind (again) so you go home with thorns still embedded but you swap numbers with her outside the club because you can't bring yourself to (go into why) you don't deserve her consideration. one miracle-wish for ecstatic-annihilation is to untangle the knot of self-contradiction)

('(the caustic::(cause)tic stinging narrows your eyes. pattern-trap closing in. pace out the limits of the room again.

(you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something please please
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something please)
no action is possible. no-action is impossible. the empty::blessing will pass, but you can't accept that until it does. you have to do ,something.)

(stumble around until you find a hole. here's one. through it. doesn't matter where it goes. when the pressure pushes you through the first hole you find, a dead child can rot itself back into existence.

make a rough-mirror, a life-sized doll representing yourself thrown together from the city-machine's viscera. all it can do is scream (in that regard it's quite realistic). with the heavy pliers in your hand (because you have to do something right-now and because using

a tool for its intended purpose is caustic stagnation and death) you beat your-homunculus to death. smash it smash it smash it smash it break your bones choke pierce snap bite rip up the delicate parts you put there earlier just like it was the knowing (all of them) burn the shreds jump on the ashes never-enough never-enough.

you search through the remains braided machine entrails weeping the thick black sexual fluids of techno-industrial-disorientation for the next way out. wasn't there a heart? if there was it isn't there. there's nothing there between the shiny wet plastic tubes.
(you laugh and hold the 'nothing up to the light.
it tells you a secret, the kind of secret that isn't words its eyes. when you close your eyes the secret is gone.)

you will tell this story many times.))

(looking over the abstract landscape of procedural form you will construct an information-engine to (eat its own justification). an information-engine is ,life a resonance-mode of person-space. the features of the resonance chamber are reliable responses - machines, bureaucracies (unofficial counter-bureaucracies, the path of least resistance), cyborg reflexes. the engine is a standing wave in that context, a self-sustaining loop of prescribed actions.

((information-engine 1 fatalist homeostat) has a single angular centre. you can locate it by following the circumference - a free sample sent to a nonexistent freepost address in response to an automated email, whose failure to deliver sets off another email to repeat the cycle every week. you can listen to the carbon-copy heartbeat to know it's still alive, but it's very fragile, it has no skin to blunt the particulars of its environment.))

(chrys wants to know about ULTRA-VIOLATE with gel-sweat edge detail. summaries and sermon quotes can be rebraided for open speech, but the ,light of it is visible in the process. the intended purpose is to run the line she plotted through your body and out towards the ,sun. the paraphrase is acceptable as long as cyber-claws can tear apart the wires again. chrys can see the truth of it too, from a different angle to you (you're glad your report must have been holographic, to inscribe another perspective in the projective vision places your locus of consciousness temporarily concentric with hers). cuts its way to your heart to sprinkle pollen there.))

(*subject*

(dreams-that-reveal: a long time ago, in the
childhood of the city
(the machine-mother pervades, inscribed onto
everything by eyes-around. in a high and bright
institute on the hill, crusted with crystallised air, there
is research to be done. the project will axiomatise the
screaming machine as a formalised language device
that rests at the end of time. each person who works
there has a needle stuck into them, a precursor to the
more sophisticated brain hooks of modern times. it
drives them to work. they will open the way to heaven.

today they will do it. with the certain::power they have
made, with the hammers of high places, they nail down
the machine-mother in one fixed place and ignite the
welding-flames that burn away disinherited meat to
free the net of spun bronze inside you that caught the
soul. tearing out the heart of the world they trade death
for redemption and open the way (acting rightly by the
law of antonyms). death of the machine-mother
(emptiness that was always there recognised) - the
momentary-images of the researchers pass through the
gate into heaven-of-a-single-second, saved on their own
terms but abandoned to go onwards also. but pumps
hidden deep below have stopped with that death. a thin
transparent fluid, barely visible, pools up from under
the city and burns with the touch of caustic stasis. this
is the promised forever, a true lye that catches the true
light and burns unmoving. their work done, the
researchers abandon the machine-mother-corpse, but
nothing will ever change for them. the gates of heaven
open only in one direction.))

(that which traps you in stillness isn't a directly
applied lock or chain. it's more scoring a deep line in the

geometric-landscape and letting you be dragged into it by the pervading potential-force. a machine of golden wheels and bronze gouges cuts across the vector field in a tight orbit, never touching you but setting the terms of your life. that's why you like it when you live somewhere high up, to pull back against the abstract-gravity. when you were a child, you promised a passing bird that one day you'd run away to the other side of the local-maximum barrier-to-action. do you know what it means when someone makes a promise no person could keep?)

(words don't just obscure meaning (interposing themselves between you and the world) they hold it at infinitely far remove. as such obscuring the words can bring you (infinitesimally) closer to the meaning hence the practice of encipherment.

an example: when you write the same thing over and over again IM SORRY IM SORRY IM SORRY IM SORRY IM SORRY the motion of writing supersedes the letter-forms count the strokes of each letter as you write (or cut) them 1(-2-3 serifwise) 1-2-3-4 1 1 1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2 1(-2-3) 1-2-3-4 1 1 1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2 1(-2-3) 1-2-3-4 1 1 1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2 1(::3) 4 1 1 3 3 2 1(::3)4 11332 1(::3)4 11332

encipherment is (entropy-)destructive and therefore creative so when the scream-against-self comes HATEHATEHATEHATEHATEHATEHATE it can be transformed 3324.

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(you meet anna the poet again at a sensory-chaosways decorated (and disturbingly expensive) bar. she thinks you order like a character in a play, you just don't want to be a walking advert. she has something to tell you: she thinks you're a cyborg, parts cut out and covered over with imitation in plastic, including your self-perception that would let you realise it.

(this is a possibility you've considered and dismissed as geometrically colocatory. you are strongly motivated to believe it (so that nothing-is-inviolate that rings like a coincidental-resonance can shake you free of caustic self-grip into a disordered sea of belonging), which is precisely why you're so suspicious of the idea. it's important to guard against self-deception, the prerequisite of (cyber)humanity. you won't accept it, it would be selfish and participatory human sacrifice. just because you recognise the dazai effect doesn't mean you know firsthand the secret of what it means.)

it's a little (early in the evening)::(close to the bone) for

“why don’t you cut me open and (find out)::(pull out something that deserves to exist)”, so you discuss other things - what are you screaming, &cetera. anna isn’t a cyborg ’either, she’s a friend of theirs (like a star rising on the horizon). she suggests you hang out at the cyborg-nest sometime, says chrys has been around sunrays-dissolute (so much for journalistic integrity). you get her another drink.

(come-back-to-my-place through the rain pills that make you feel sick words are cold blood is warm.

(clothes that’ll take forever to find tomorrow biting biting biting ,biting biting taste of cigarettes you grab the boxcutter from her bedside table and rip your throat open lengthways as she yanks your hair and kisses you licks up the ,(blood::light of the absolute) that sprays into the world. slow breathing through the slit not stopped by her fingers in your mouth she rubs against you (pulls your hand down with the blade) to jam into her inner thigh right where the artery is grinding in time with her heartbeat-bleeding-out.

beat

remaining clothes off before they get stuck to your skin with crusted blood. (cheap blue plastic) rope around your neck, hang yourself trying to get at her (who doesn’t like to feel wanted?) arms just out of reach she watches your unconscious body slowly choking to death between her legs for need to hurt her and fingers the sliced-open artery gripped in the spirit::moment.

she has machines too, needles in the glan(d)s, totalising electrochemodrome. your body is not your own, so much of it sliced off and disowned over the course of your life, made into dead-flesh-automata she

knows how to bring back altogether body-scream hate-tension you can't ignore anymore and when you're flying in the self-supporting self-hate body-scream joy she makes you beg for it not with words you don't have words anymore but she knows you're a good girl and she shoots you in the fucking head.

she lies back against you. you listen to her breathing as you cut her arms, shallow cuts hurt more (the biophysics behind this is interesting - the most nerve endings are in the skin, but that doesn't explain why shallow cuts actively hurt more. the trick is that the area of highest pressure, which is what the nerves are responding to, is around the tip of the blade, so there's more pain if the tip remains in the skin and not below) she's gasping and grabbing onto you she's doing so well. you press a vibrator against the tip of her cock and let her cum while you open up her wrists so she doesn't have to come back to reality just carry on through to the next cycle.)

you cuddle together in warm soaking sheets. the spray of blood across the ceiling looks like stars, stars from the world-of-the-body. anna gives names to the constellations.
(katabasis, the path to the next moment
penumbra, the infinitely-thin edge of infinity
extension-of-glory, the light of the ,true-thing
love-beyond-love, a topological prayer
nameless-mistake, called ⇌, the wrongness in everything)

eventually anna drags herself out of bed to step outside. you turn over feeling-safe and fall asleep before she returns.))

((every so often prosaic-time shrinks to a travelling

hour) you are left calcifying in the dead-flesh-machines you wear. the watch you cut into your arm when you left your family is slow. you walk a tightly-connected network around the flat and keep the needles turned inwards. each second expands, heated by the fire-of-perception. the whole world turns around the clock on the wall. every long-moment is a failure, a sickness - the true-death stability. every leaf that comes to rest on the ground is a tragedy.

you leave the lights off, unwilling to admit to your own presence, and walk up and down in the dark. the windows shake with the pressure of the scream from outside, which you're cut off from joining in either angular direction by a hyperbolic valley. needles flash for a single blink in another world.
(the air is filled with caustic ash)
(you are (betraying yourself)::unwilling to wake
from a nailed-down dream)
you look out at the sky. will a child fall from the stars to take your place?)

(’(the caustic::(cause)tic stinging narrows your eyes. pattern-trap closing in. pace out the limits of the room again.

(you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something please please
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something
you have to do ,something please)
no action is possible. no-action is impossible. the empty::blessing will pass, but you can't accept that until it does. you have to do ,something.)

number twelve scalpel blade, with a number seven handle (elegant hooked claw) scalpels are designed for cutting other people not yourself, you need the right configuration to get a good angle. flesh is the walls of the room you're trapped in by the burning lye, carve the words of the scream they come halting-smoothly better than speech at least flow on and on without repetition whatever passes before the eyes-that-see. you write in blood mene tekel: coins to pay your way in internal-places you don't understand.)

(information-engine 2 viable reprocess another order of self-determining complexity to construct. a handful of interlocking loops extend to the lowest common multiple when any of them are interrupted. you've given self-awareness::original-sin to the shape of echoing phone networks and overdetermined policies that substantiate surface reality. having set it in motion and listened to its murmuring heartbeat, the information-engine project seems like it's really going 'somewhere, like there's a growing understanding here that compels with reflected light even if it grows from concrete ground to burned-pure sky. the third information-engine will be independent.)

(the-nest is up on the hill, overlooking most of the city. the outside preserved, and inscribed with cyborg secrets. anna knocks and after a pause the pair of you are allowed in. the cyborg who opened the door is called glass, anna introduces you. inside, the walls of the-nest are decorated with words all over (practical instructions for living there, spiritual advice, language-disease scream-pollution, abstract signifier-patterns) - the noise is immediately calming. the whole place seems a step further towards mythic-time, and the step removal from the time of the rest of the world makes everything less urgent. you sit and listen silence into the noise.

at the table a pair of cyborgs are playing::communing using a machine where each of them provides an orthogonal axis to a bright point on a screen, making a lissajous dance concentric to the pair-system without the need for an impossible moment of connection. anna discusses machine-light with ULTRA-VIOLATE. you sit mostly quietly in the comfortable certainty of decay.

(ULTRA-VIOLATE set up the-nest with a few less communication-compromised cyborgs. it's a place of safety from the machine-flesh damaging static interference and the dissection-wheel that made them, where everyone's had the weight of the city cut into their eyes and knows how to help each other see around it. electrical isolation is important because the city is full of interference. everyone here has had to learn to see around their own dissected eyes, and the vision so gained has ∅-value.

(you bang your head against the toilet wall and dig out a few trivial drops of alkaline blood with a safety pin. you see the penumbra through an opaque signifier, this place is not for you. you don't have the moral courage to throw yourself out of the place you saw in reflected stars, but you know the abstraction-of-vision won't see you through for long. mythic ⇌-collapse rotates above you.)))

(the infinitely-far-removed penumbra point is called ecstatic-annihilation, and it's the goal of all life. you know this because it reflects the light of the ,true-thing. (it is of course unreachable, like all cynosures. fix your eyes and walk towards a star and you'll end up somewhere, but not any closer to the star). the self-destructive drive has many names (for naming is killing) - sex::death::rupture::creation::destruction::being-real::rebirth::rot and lies hidden at the centre of the perceptual-world. the journey is long, you figure it many

times but cannot truly complete it within prosaic-time. mutual-reflection of prosaic and mythic-time each according to their nature - many prosaic stars, one mythic sun. thoughts shine into your eyes like headlights, who will answer the cats-eye-plea? wasting is not rot.

nothing is real and alive except when it's in the process of being created::destroyed. the eyes of god see only motion. (the self-destructive urge is identical with the urge to ,live. both are opposed to the urge of self-preservation, which is the true-death). learning to fight self-preservation is a slow process. you started years ago with scalpels pins and running, but it's still difficult (it could hardly become effortless).
(cut yourself in beautiful patterns)
(pick a fight with a cop (try not to get caught))
(go to a shop and ask to buy something they don't sell)
(sacrifice important belongings for magic)
(never stop screaming)

self-preservation is socially-linguistically-mediated - it infects you through words. escaping it you try to glitch the language-feedback-machine. the scream grows causally-backwards from speech. (break the language-feedback-machine that lives on hooks in your brain). the ,light cannot be communicated, names slide off it like the wrong side of an event horizon. so much less in 'symbolic-formalism. there is a leap-of-sight that can only be recognised as such from the other side. the scream refluxes in your head because it cannot escape. layers of unspeakable-things form a ladder to the contracted celestial sphere.)

(with the kitchen counter full of stolen cleaning chemicals, you and an unnamed cyborg (travelling through suspended between many places like a spider) to

fold out glossy cyborg oil of tomorrow (bottled decay, terribly corrosive but the beautiful patterns it eats into wire-embroidered skin). the process is simple, you can turn out an acceptable product without experience on either part. you store it in jars and apportion it, but you'll have to find a time to test it together (a night of spiritual violence to scratch and bite at each other fire in your bones) before you can begin the distribution. your partner moves on for now along an epicycle. there's a schwarzian spiral left etched into the countertop where you spilled a drop.)

(in the-nest, cyborgs pump oozing sludge into thick warm bundled cables. digital ecstasy of the machine-speech foundation, copper mycelium distributing caustic word-forms. screaming through wires plugged into every socket, the spirit descends on the centre-net -a cyst of the linguistic disease where constant word-exchange nails shut the open wounds of thousands of people. the centre-net is supported on gold-etched pillars that physicalise total data inversion::encipherment (the origin is irretrievable), and this is where they strike.

the-nest uploads terato-bytes of asemic data into the network. infocrisis - a cascade of failing feedback loops drops people on their floors in a puddle of anaesthetic word-juice. total-communication suicide, cracking the shell of a digital ammonite, sickness-scars turn outwards. the poisoned centre-net is sucked dry by the undefined vacuum its feedback loops had insulated it against.

it won't last - chemical balance is quickly restored by the osmosis pressure of alkaline stockpiles elsewhere in the system, and the-nest disconnects before the shock hits. but every person-second of screaming is in the faint reflection of the ,true-thing in itself even if the system survives, and the returning ripple will be of use. howling

and biting each other the cyborgs are seized with joyful lightning and crash against the walls, pierced by rupturing moonlight, rolling around like kittens before god.)

(the starry sky seems to suck something out of you and the world around you changes (although you know it's the back of your eye). this bus stop is the edge of the world (tarmac curving away), a world where every tree is identical, where a cold wind blows from the empty heart but without the conviction to bite. something is missing, but it doesn't matter. dancing sparkling colour a week and a few steps removed is a long way from white light in this remote place.

but whatever is lost, you've found a biological-pure lense much better than that you had before for turning the eyes-that-see on themselves. some parts of you far removed from speech that they are pulled-together to stand up straight and tall (taller than you're used to) in contradictory fashion. it is much like being that which you aren't.)

(chrys sitting on the bathroom floor covered in blood, opening his arm with a razor (echo again) - because inside is metal and wire and fused discarded plastic, only buried deep inside where he wouldn't find without looking for it. the fascination he had for metal embedded in the flesh of the world since the beginning countertemporally mirrored, the cyborg call has the answers. they know where this geodesic falls, when the guide-star is burned so deep into his retina that it becomes invisible to him. he tells you he will pass through the stained mirror, and your terror of becoming won't overwhelm the principle: all movement brings you closer to god. if anything, you're jealous he has the excuse that this is the proper path for him, written in hated words.)

(darkness to sleep you hide in your bed with a
two-way radio, spiral dial to find resonance. every so
often it abrades the soft quiet with a burst of motorised
needles, and you find yourself enclosed outside some
psycho-cyst with personalities projected from virtual
intimacy. over time (the sounds tears away progressively
at your sensory flesh) you identify some context.
(repairing the burned out flat across from your
window)
(hollow touch compelled by isolation in keeping
watch)
(the window simply left open by accident)
the click-switch would transubstantiate sound to
conversation - it's so important to avoid! that would be
the beginning of time.

the blood and buzzing of incremental injury is
comforting in the care of the entropy-fairies
(hypercontemporary mythology developed
entropy-fairies to account::personify thermocosmic
disposition. in a sea of tools built-upon-building it is no
longer possible for us to maintain everything, so
disrepair is the default. when nobody's looking
decaying-flutter to smash things up, saltwater wires,
weave magnets in electronic storage. they steal
memories too. you met them once, as a child at a
funeral. when comforting adults was more important
you found an astroturf corner under the grasping
leaves that pull everything down with them (that's why
we don't like to be out on deep soil these days. stick to
plant pots concretely separated from the crushing dark)
and the fairies were there, waiting for everybody to go
so they could chisel the name off the headstone).
you can sleep with the jarring arrival of strange
companions (or the epiphenomena in any case) to wear a
hollow into the night, because hidden-direction emerges
from the disordered noise-fog. it's easy to slide into.

(dreams-that-reveal: while you're sleeping
upside-downness.
(you wake up with a pain in the back of your
neck, like you slept with your head weighted. you
reach around to rub it and feel something hard (that
would explain it). you sit up to see what you slept on
but there's nothing there - nothing slipped under the
sheets - rub the painful spot and the thing is still back
there, fixed to the back of your neck. (where
hyperreality descends) outline-violation, has
something stabbed into your neck? is it a
blood-soaked vertebra poking out through sliced-skin
needle-twist? control your breathing. you slowly feel
out the new edge. then you arrange mirrors in the
bathroom. the violation is what it felt like - a switch,
round and clunky. you touch the
downwards-positioned rod and gently push upwards
feeling the spring push back. it seems to be functional.

ask chrys for help, his answer is that it's outside the
domain of thinking-seeing. if you haven't tried it yet
you'll have to sometime, and he'll turn it back if it
goes bad. sometimes ,moving-through-time is hard for
a coward like you, so you ask him to do it for you. on
your knees in front of him, head resting face-down in
his lap. solid-words, he'll turn it right back if it's bad.

-clunk-

(warm, soft, face, twisty-complicated-pain
slowly unravelling, touch, yellow-light-shiver,
comfortable sound, chrysalis, light, eyes, worry,
words, touch, pressure, twisty-pain, scared,
stillness-in-motion, loud, run, scared, light,
track-out, choice, comfortable sound, chrysalis,
touch, touch, soft, twisty-complicated-pain -)

-clunk-

- tightened back up so tight you can't see it and you can think geometrically again. now you can tell a story about it, that you got scared, ran and knocked over a vase. you're spooled-in the corner of the kitchen, chrys' hand still on the back of your neck. temporary linguistic landscape isotropy - couldn't chew::grow words in your head (holy))

you wake up with just a muscle-burn in your neck, cause scoped narrow enough that it's not worrying. you're grateful for chrys' projection::emanation snapped-mirrorwise))

(in the-nest that evening chrysalis is lost about a comforting atmosphere (where doing nothing is suddenly okay). cyborgs sleep feral-cat-like in a big pile. the other big pile is the machine-mother-corpse (but it's okay).

cyborgs gather and chrys is tied down bound in motion-in-stillness::stillness-in-motion and the snap snap snap of the line keeps::drives (mythic) time through the transition (iteration thereof). thighs bruised in straight across like scanlines and oily sludge drips over his back from above. cyborgs gathered all around fresh meat (i like the heart best). metal vanes slip in through skin incisions blades to help him open up.

ULTRA-VIOLATE makes him drink, the beating and cutting continues. 'personhood drips away over laid-out tarp to be replaced by a cunning series of polished-chrome mirrors that twist the light of the true-thing into our world through the (material) self-arrangement that makes a self-recreating identity. around tensed flesh muscles against wire tendons whispers whispers touch and bite.

the 'body has to be built up again so the light can cut out a full person. agony is a double-edged tool, pleasure is a

blunter instrument. nails hammered through fingers scratch the 'body, cyborg tongues are coated with black ooze, new-flayed anatomy sensitive to electricity. by these methods the cyborgs can sever continuity-of-consciousness and discard chrysalis so a new ,cyborg is born from orthogonally to causalwise: cyber:;exuvia. exuvia licks the sludge from ULTRA-VIOLATE's nail-studded tits, she is annihilated in each moment, and cries out alkaline tears.))

(*reflexion*

(you meet -flower at a deep-yellow-light bar. she says she thinks cyborgs should be free from the wheel of naming and the hooks that cut dead-flesh. she works maintaining the alkaline waste pipes that run paralysis, skin-burning through the streets around the-nest. she's supporting her housemate's dream of being a cop (righteousness is only wounds, it's (just cause)tic). you fuck anyway (and just regret it later) - empty yourself and never-forget-how-to-say-okay through it to begin with, but annoyingly it turns out she's pretty good in bed. afterwards you can't sleep with her there, something about the way she holds you returns an old hate-being-touched (it's probably the fumes from her work locking up your muscles and saying again, the wheel of naming keeps turning axle wailing above your body). the choked-scream is the best part, echo of an afterimage of that floating nail)

'(somewhere in the bedroom of a fifth-floor temporary flat a middle-aged woman is glueing shards of broken-glass together all constant-shatterlike (much like how you talk, before it gets ground down by vocal cords). she's making a crown. she wears the cerements hand-stitched and hemmed with (the metal bits from the ends of lighters), and anoints herself with menthol-antiseptic medical cream. crowning herself is theatrically mythic-embodying a terrible crime ,(it's alright - theatre only creates the illusion of such things as characters and plot).

the king heads out-upstairs via ladder in the superconscious::cupboard to see the stars her subjects from as close as her security team will allow, pronouncing mysteries and legitimacies over cthonic-heaven and, by extension, the prosaic

eye-sphere. ,(she's only a character in a play, but the danger of this game is that it may yet transpire that she's playing herself. linguistics is theatre too, which is where the knife goes in).

it's a golden opportunity for atmospheric-inversion (and meeting::perhaps-annihilation, by the continuous-function law) of rulership and blame. the king bows to her subjects, she knows what that cold still air mysteriously absent a caustic touch means. sometimes you have to go through the motions, because words pretend to supersede 'touch but they lye.)

(the teacher gave you keys, the keys to absolute truth. but where's the lock? you've been looking ever since and no flowery-gate has opened. so now you'll have to turn orthogonally forward into (imaginary::mythic)-time and return to the teacher. you ask where the gate is and he asks you to return the keys. you give them back. he carefully slides them between his fingers, places his hand on your shoulder, and punches you in the stomach with them. blood on the keys of truth, so they have meaning as well.

you wake tied up with paper tape, opaque 'symbols written all along it. each reinforces the next, you can't break out. crusted blood on the tape stops short of obscuring any of them. the teacher stands over you, speaking nonsense pattern illusions that still shape your extension into the world. the 'words-of-the-truth are a compulsive eye-track pulling you back to the real where cause signifies effect.)

(you sit on the bathroom floor, head spinning, struggling to string together a more complex thought than "i wonder if i'm going to throw up". the music downstairs counts out distorting moments but only seems to make it harder to judge how long it's been. at

some point there's a man wearing a lime-green crop top. he's sitting next to you.

"you feeling alright?"
"i was feeling sick, but i'm a bit better now i think"
"same. wanna make out?"
"yeah"

it turns out you were only feeling better because you weren't moving. you break off quickly and crawl across the floor to the toilet.

"you okay?"
"just sick again"
"you can be sick on me if you like"
"really? that's kinda hot"

you kiss with rolled wire sinking in water. he bares his throat - rattling ribbed plastic tube that your teeth clack and scrape against. the spirit-like-a-fist grabs his arm in yours (he nods up at you) vomit on his face and down his front heat of inside to touch from behind the skin. instrumental abjectification before the body is irresistible like the ,light-of-god. he licks it off your lips and contracts under you, rolling open into the hand between his legs and you vomit again, crushed in the absolute-hand. you rub your faces together, taste the burning while you're crowned with the high-pitched yellow light of rupture flowering through the top of your skull like thick petals in a desperate ecstatic instant of total dependence. you lie panting in his ear with wet hair laying on your face.)

'(howling cyborgs gather moonlight through
liquid-shining metal vanes before the hunt, sound of
braiding symbols guide them to the place of the body
through the electromagnetically echoing sky.

machine-corpse-animals, the king can hear the synth-screams and knows it's time to play out the run. they find her at the foot of her tower and chase her through the streets in view of her subjects the stars. the telescopic hunt-air deepens her lungs only to fill them with more dust. hunters flying in desperate authority-of-the-body follow the light snagged on her crown, holding close aching teeth. the subjectified time-corpse betrayal sings with tearing-need.

blood blood blood to the sound of radio-moon, so to escape inside the palace-walls. the king runs through corridors (whose walls become forests, trees made from wrapped plastic sheets foil and wire) close pursued by the teeth of season's change. she trips on a root and falls on PVC tiled floor.
(the cyborg wolves leap steel-sprung in their eyes)
(the crown falls from her head and bounces away)
the cyborgs pin her down and lick her face like excited dogs. anapoiesis.)

(you come to a friend-of-a-friend's high up flat (money-abraded, alien) to water the plants while they're on holiday. the whole building looks accusingly at you, made to be non-viable for anyone who doesn't live there. when you go out on the balcony you find a dead pigeon::girl bent headless across the pots (a cyborg with long foil wings for arms, who lived in the skins of buildings where you can't see from the ground) - she must have crashed. she's been there for a while, open neck rotting to expose elegant bone arches, subdermal hilbert-pattern coolant tubes breaking through the skin. you can't find the head (perhaps she took it off on the edge of the balcony above when she crashed). awkwardly you get her into a binbag to carry her up the stairs. on the roof the people who live here won't come

to see (it's just electromagnetic coupling and mechanical organs), and it seems appropriate. you throw a worthless-coin off the edge for her.)

(you come home to find you have three weeks to move out of your flat. exuvia is on the floor interference from the spark gap of the electromagnetic hammer passed through her new-laid aerials on authority FM. you sit together and detune for a while, but the problem is urgent. however, the rotational twist of a spotlight - exuvia has already been sleeping at the-nest several nights in the last week. under alkaline sterilisation you would never expose fragile foil to dry-dead-meat gears, but crashing bronze disturbs the rot before it destroys it and may (miraculously) incite brief ecstasy (insects can't be flattened against a wall by the wind because the air currents that form at the surface repel them with a strength proportional to the wind). you speak to anna first - ecstasy or not, there's only so far you can jump.

(anna again) thinks it makes sense, so you wire your heads together and reach out to the-nest offside of the centre-net, asynchronic on account of horror-of-(fixed-strobe-unmotion). there are a few people off-and-on around though, and you can get a consensus by late evening. there's space (even for a machine of meat and not wire), and a room to be cleared out. you hope your wormwood light won't burn, but you're afraid to say it. you can move in over the next couple of weeks.)

(an infection is a machine in the factory-of-the-body. its components are individual viral cells, and it produces (along with various waste products) more such machined components to be assembled. sometimes the assembly goes wrong and fragmented machine parts aren't properly connected. a partially operative shattered-machine will be removed if not wanted, but in

a world suffering from a pandemic each person you meet will tend to reinforce your infection and keep it staggering along.

language is a neurological virus. in its fully-functioning form you can only surmise it forms part of a healthy microbiome, but you suffer from a shattered-infection. communication is locally smooth but only very locally, the twisted smashed protein-manifold is a random-periodic ecstasy of the communication::violence protocol. (transfinitely repetitive cycles of reinterpretation (which is a correct way to live (sacred ,self-destruction)))

you express like a printer jam by nature, so to communicate there are protocols to pull out the paper and repair the letters by hand. speech doesn't stutter like the sun, but at the empty-river it doesn't say what you said either.)

(a room in the-nest tiled with leaking thoughts, it's a (warm) place to live that snaps painful heat-stress fractures into deep-set bone for someone frozen like you. but the bone-writing grows upwards, compelling, unrenounceable, here is the non-self you don't deserve, you'll stay and can't say out loud that you're really floating upwards-outside from it on a string of smoke. there's a tension forwards between the novel comfort and the moral precarity. the motion is a relief as always though - you've accreted far too much crusted-skin at the last place, it was getting difficult to move.

(ULTRA-VIOLATE carries edges with her. she wants to help, but she misunderstands the nature of the problem - you're not like her, annihilatory teaching carried forward in non-self, you're second-order twisted-around pain-that-never-was out of self-centred failure to be the ((non-)person always screaming

change) you can clearly see you should be. the defensive barbs are the wrong way, you're outside-blundering at best not part with her like you've never been part with anything, by choice, uninformed but ,wrong.

("i don't want to be forgiven. my sins are my own, i'm sorry"

"will you help us make the screaming-vomiting-flood?"

"of course, if you want me. i just don't really think i'm - part-of"

"that's good enough for me"

communication looks purely-material empty but maybe your perspective is obscured, maybe.)

this place is very comfortable for a place you don't belong. it's suspect - you know comfort is zero-sum, right? only for the sacrificial bride given ecstatic rain against her will (good to learn but a terrible thing to be taught) the pillar that supports a limestone statue, when it rains runs red caustic tracks over her skin (the promise to destroy the statue as well is rhetorical, rain erodes only very slowly). but if you can help her fall that's 'good at least.))

((caustic lye oozes from the wire mesh growing over the screen. it tints and distorts the light (∅r the tinted, distorted light brings it into existence). you are a machine that eats words and images, pictures-of-words::descriptions-of-images. fractally shy of total symbolic mediation you escape the harsh redeeming static of infinity. the centre-net rips out your eyes and incorporates them as machine-parts actuated by

patterns of light. an endless array of mechanised pins to impale you, no single one reaching the decay of infinity in itself, so dancing from one to another won't ever get you out. opaque signifiers drip onto your eyes until you can see nothing else. infostream to burn away the material, pins to dig out needles. but a signifier happens to catch on a jagged edge of your brain - this is a knife you can use, to ,sever the co-opted nerve.)

(you exist suddenly in your bedroom, with a 'sacred-mystery over how you got there (on a katabatic path through mythic-time). the memories in your head belong to someone who drowned. you're surprised by how tall you are. the body you've inherited is that of an immured child stretched out of proportion. it's thin and strange, and the cold wind doesn't blow through it. you don't expect this sideways-life to last long before being pulled back into the screaming star at the far-removed heart of the perceptual world, but perhaps the chain of disconnectedly entering the world will eventually remake it. you're not sure how you feel about that.))

(meaningless letter-forms painted in blood speak as much as speaking (the voice of your secret joins the poetic walls of the-nest). asepsis is the purest form of 421123434432 (even if you can only communicate in good faith by straining an endless ocean of oil through a kitchen sieve, you can still reach around the edges of the penumbra). what you have to '(say) runs in crease-lines semiohazard::symbol in a degenerate basis. seen through a lens that's smashed to dust, soon you'll have the new curtain-wall covered with comfortable bleeding (and pierce the skin of home with pins))

((the toilet in the-nest is a large public affair according to the previous role of the building. exuvia notices you tangling up 14233324 and has an answer-to: mythic-time ritual punishment (it's worth a try, even if

you don't deserve it).

the dogs of emptiness have no status to carry in heavy cloth. exuvia watches until you're (light::open)-hearted on your knees before her unjustifiable. she exposes her nightmare-violence-zone. her cock is shrunken-over with inserted vanes. thick steel-tooth scars keep the replacement of her testicles with chemical rotors. she sits and pisses on you (caustic waste is only natural) wet hair and abjectification. motion is impossible in crushing awe.

she forces you to stand (in paradox to the ,light) and bend over the sink for artificial insemination. the filling scrying-bowl below you reflects stormy sexual holometabolans as the chemical rotors recirculate egocentric edges sparkling through the flesh. seized with sacred rot that blooms from each puncture-wound you struggle as much to maintain your assigned place as you struggle against it on the other side of the glass. exuvia unspools wires from her still bleeding throat insertion to run her synthetic scream through your muscles and make you feel around it. she fucks you with your face rammed down into the overflowing sink. setting your scream against itself is a formalised punishment acceptable to the ruling principles of the perceptual-world. when panic arrives the parts of your mind that you've cut off over the years are vindictively glad you have no choice. the world fades away asymptotically to the spiritual blockage in your throat. your perception-of-self drowning is ecstatic with her.)

corpse on the floor with her the poison well will never be empty, but it's drained a mile down and won't overflow. the perceptual-law is satisfied.)

((a self-interfering ripple developing on the surface of a caustic pool - information-engine 3 spiral

biologist is ready. layers of constricting::defining::divining self-hate shape the raw materials. since moving into the-nest you have access to cyborg tools for cutting tracks into the resonance medium, without which you probably couldn't have made it work at all. the subtle new information-engine doesn't just keep itself running through the collapse of its organs, it anticipates changes in its sociomechanical environment and revolves to keep ,motion alive. orange lightning.)

while working on higher layers of self-perception though, the edges of a secret plateau have begun to cut into your vision. the fourth information-engine already exists (at the teleological end-star of your project): the cybernated city upon a pillar of dried flesh at the centre of the world. universal-man, emptied out in its creation, an appropriate homunculus (for so below). the breath of the city beats on the locked doors of mythic-time, but they will not open today.)

(you help bring machinery up the hill to the-nest, dragging a trolley (old wheeled hospital bed) with cyborg friends. sprung pipes soft and wet with grills and sharp blood-sockets, tools for tearing the optic nerve with the weight of a body to touch. ULTRA-VIOLATE says there's a plan: the dead machine-mother is preserved in alkaline dust, unable to be reborn into ,rot. by slitting open collapsed veins and lysis-scream, an infection of decay might turn the whole world over. it's a vision of apocalyptic singularity, to burn away the rusted rebar that runs through the basic chaos of prosaic interpersonality.

most parts take two or three people to get them up the stairs, cutting the walls with a nail edge or leaving a stain. tubes have to be run, and power cables warm with flash-tearing fear. a disk heavier than you turns in its

socket, burning grease. bundles of cables with sharpened plugs for stabbing into people, bypass the speaking solipsist to interface directly with blood. steel that breathes against your skin, smeared with refractive oil. the machines you carry supersede your self-perception as the inner voice does to the body, allowing you (crashing grace unexpected!) to act without art towards a given(::gifted) higher purpose.

cyborgs crawl on every surface of their measure-twisted nest, performing intimate surgery on chymical machinery. not knowing what to do with yourself for the technical part, you detach yourself on the balcony. the turning birds tear open the horizon under the terrible weight on them. the arc of desire bends many-times-echoed towards death, like a geometric flower growing through the higher-dimensional view of your life. evening comes on and you lower your eyes from a deep thymol-blue sky.)

(they say the moonlight brings sickness, it is a sickness of rot. a sickness of revealing what was sick already. the music of the spheres that fascinates with medical hooks can pull your infected lungs up through your mouth (reshape your body external breathing, pull-unfold wings through four slits in your back, turn fascia inside-out to protect skin). this is the function of radio-moon, to show you the rot-that-justifies. decay is bright, the transformation must be seen through. these are the hooks of holy-terror, welcome vomiting blood in the music of the call. it is a joyful scream to hear it.)

((cyborgs gather in the-nest.
machine-mother-corpse rumbles on a fixed::dead track.
ULTRA-VIOLATE has a plan to redeem the alkaline rain.)

(cyborgs kneel gleam-sweep in the dark before

the machine-mother-corpse. it weighs the religious::sexual form of mechanical force enough to smash you apart without slowing down. you run your fingers in a hydraulic-hammer crease.
ULTRA-VIOLATE makes use of flesh trapped in paradox, abjectification before the terror that redeems. she slowly licks the hammer-foil cunt of the great sadomachine that oozes thick black sexual fluids of techno-industrial- disorientation. electromechanical actuators grind the machine against meat with the desperation of a train. cyborgs tense muscle-to-tendon against it, shaking rocking masswise, breathing exhaust fumes and exhaling kissing intake vents.

arc-light, and the touch that seizes muscle. someone has you pinned from behind on a rumbling pipe, claws digging into you, sludge running down your back, both trapped together in a fractal of screaming steel and time. (in the corpse machine an impulse arises, an effect with a penumbral ambiguity regarding its cause). wire-whip flash across your eyes. the pair of you fall along a twisted geodesic until the concrete floor catches you. there's blood on your hands, you're not sure where from. at the perceptual centre, hands on your neck. elsewhere ULTRA-VIOLATE drags her bare-flesh wrists across sharp torn metal, exuvia bites the back of her neck.

the seals on hydraulic pumps ,rupture, spraying black fluids from the pistons in each rotation. feed-lines break under the pressure shock and add their own sprays. you all kneel (concrete quickly covered), ULTRA-VIOLATE riding the centre of the machine one hand cutting into decaying rubber, draw closer, touch, the intimacy of the knife. love-beyond-love, you tear yourself at the heart of the world before a corpse-fluid miracle. it pours out over the floor, flashing in the blue light. you close your eyes and let the pillar of the world

wash away. you feel plastic-metal-flesh in your hands and teeth on your body. mouth open::closed a great screaming flood unfolds that's part of you beyond the edges of your eyes.)

you lay in the slowly-deepening black river recovering. exuvia looks over at you, blood mixing with the sludge. one by one you pull your bright-light-aching bodies upwards stagger, dripping, to the door where you can look down on the city. sludge is pouring out now to drown the world, boiling against the lye.)

(the flood of grinding fluid throws submerged colours into chimeric inversion more intense than any natural colour can be against a sable field. at the interface flashes like sparks against the stable lye. it rushes through the streets throwing caustic air into the sky in joyful density dragging vortex dances. all across the city, cyborgs walk in turning eddies::epicycles towards an open place. long wires trail waving through the refractive oil::slick as an unfolding motion-in-stillness-in-motion, buzzing when they brush against things. people who could stand (still) the caustic pressure swim for the refluxing surface, the cool freedom of constant change turned icy emptiness by perception disease ⇌.

from the-nest a parade comes down across the burning bridge (that is consumed), with you walking near the end. the cyborgs of the city form a twisting circle dance to the sound of shattering bells refusing to speak. the ringing bronze that lines the clouds above is distorted by the flood to interfere with itself chaotically, like many paths paved over each other make an open plain, or like increasingly random static softens into cushioned grey: the emptiness of infinity.

you dance in the circle under the wing-shadows of angels' terrified laughter, facing outwards to make the

whole city part of the dance. cyborg face-plug intimacy::mystery all around, compresses logical-distance across the noosphere for detailed-interpattern people::rays-of-the-true-light. your vision is divided into curling disconnected needlepoint grids, each point a person's face of a breaking stone that shines inside. in the gaps between separating grids, chaos. the dance turns the median spheres of a concentric world (rust falls from the bearings like crusted-blood blossom))

(to pass through the centre of the perceived world, an aeon of mythic-time corresponds to many parallel emanations in the prosaic. mythic ,self-destruction is the beginning of time (a hundred deaths superimposed through time shine oversaturated-red, a substrate for the speed of mythic causality). these ending-sheaves must be constructed by hand, with as much effort each time to tear yourself open to the edge of the sky (it never gets any easier because your alkaline spinal fluid etches each path you choose, chemical nails dig in to your brain).

you perch on the roots of a tree suddenly rotting (a fertile corpse) and watch exuvia smashing car windows and making a sunlight-slicing statue out of the broken glass. the world is made new (and new again) and left you behind, unable to touch it (like the hammers of high places left you before) from the past that you're a topological phenomenon of. but you know what to do about it now, to pass the thinnest of gaps in the wall separating you from reality by total dissolution.

you take a discarded shard and catch a sun-flash in it to guide you through the place that can't be mapped. you slice your neck and feel the heat you always had run down over your shoulder and warm yourself. each moment is an impenetrable wall of time that compounds against you while the pain grows symmetrically behind your thoughts. you kneel::fall in the bright shadow of

the ˀsun. one by one the things around you forget themselves, inner dreams-of-truth that were always just scratches in your eye, free from the weight of perception. blood clots on bundles of wires that clog your throat. as your body gives up its pretence at supporting an inner dream, it seems that you are your body, and the flow of liquid love-beyond-love that mingles with the thick flooded air.

the penumbra::singularity approaches your::body at the speed of suspended causation and smashes the crystallised sphere of time around you into fragments each shaped just like the one in your hand. you pass on to the next moment, to rest there with broken-open cyborgs and people terrified by the world's redemption, before heading on to the one after.)))

and what happens then, ,(we cannot know).

(the twisted smashed protein-manifold is a random-periodic ecstasy of the communication::violence protocol. (transfinitely repetitive cycles of reinterpretation (which is a correct way to live (sacred ,self-destruction))))

cyborg prophet ULTRA-VIOLATE intends to drown the city at the centre of the world under the oil of the light of god, to redeem it from an existing flood of alkaline stasis. two people drift through a world of biomechanical visions towards her.

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